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GENERAL OLYSSES S. GRANT

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FRANK H. JONES



JUN 29 1922

Grant  
Jones





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**AN ADDRESS**





# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY



FRANK H. JONES

BEFORE

THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE

100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE

BIRTH OF

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT



THURSDAY, APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH  
NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

*Chicago, 1922*



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# AN ADDRESS

BY

FRANK H. JONES

I THANK the Chicago Historical Society for inviting me to speak at this 100th Anniversary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant. I appreciate that in so doing your compliment is really to Mrs. Jones.

It is my great happiness to have for my wife, Nellie Grant, the only daughter of the great Commander, and when in an unguarded moment I read her your invitation, I realized you had an advocate I could not resist, and so whether or not I shall say anything to entertain and please you, I have by accepting, done something better by giving her pleasure. Mrs. Jones and I deeply regret she cannot be here this evening, but she is an invalid and has not been physically able to leave our apartment for six years.

Mrs. Jones asked me to express to you her deep gratitude for the continuing interest of this Society in the life and career of her father and for this tribute to his memory. I did not have the honor of an acquaintance with General Grant and met him but once, about forty years ago. I had the delightful privilege of an acquaintance with Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant from 1893 to the time of her death, and I shall remember her with deep respect and affection

for her fine qualities of heart and mind, and especially for her tender devotion to the memory of her hero husband.

Pericles, when he was to speak in public, prayed to the Gods "That not a word might escape him unawares unsuitable to the occasion." Since accepting your invitation my prayers have gone further,—that I might say much suitable to the occasion, and anticipating the plan of the Society might be realized by the presence of a number of young men of Chicago, I hoped I might from the many noble acts and many noble qualities of heart and mind of Ulysses S. Grant, present to them a guide for imitation in pure thought, right living and high motives. Plutarch says, "I fill my mind with the sublime images of the best and greatest men by attention to history and biography and if I contract any blemish, any ill custom or ungenerous feeling from other company in which I am unavoidably engaged, I correct and expel them by calmly and dispassionately turning my thoughts to these excellent examples."

I may trespass upon the time and patience of many of you in the recital of details, but for my purpose it seems necessary. In a number of my recitals of dates and facts especially with reference to his youth and young manhood, I shall use the "Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant," to my mind one of the literary classics of all times, frequently using his own words. I shall hope to give a personal touch to my remarks by information given me by members of his family.

Ulysses S. Grant, son of Jesse R. Grant and Hannah Simpson Grant, was born at Point Pleasant,

Clermont County, Ohio, on April 27, 1822. In 1823, he went with his parents to Georgetown, Ohio, where he resided until 1839, when he went to the Military Academy at West Point, New York, at the age of seventeen. His father was a tanner "in comfortable circumstances considering the times, his place of residence and the community in which he lived." The schools at Georgetown were very far from the educational opportunities the boys of today enjoy. There were no free schools, Public Schools such as we have today. They were schools supported by subscription "and a single teacher with from thirty to forty scholars, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and boy of twenty, studying the highest branches there taught, 'Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic.'" Such a school young Ulysses attended from the age of five to seventeen, and never missed a quarter from school, but this did not exempt him from manual labor. He detested the tanning trade, but was fond of agriculture and of all employment in which horses were used, and at seven or eight years of age he was hauling all the wood used in the house and the shops.

Mrs. Jones has told me a story of his early fondness for horses. When he was two or three years old he would find his way to the stable alone, go into the stalls, walk about under the horses and between their legs. Some neighbors, hearing of this daily occurrence, went to his mother and protested against her allowing him to run the risk of being kicked or trampled upon. His mother listened to them patiently and unconcernedly and calmly

replied, "Horses seem to understand Ulysses." At the age of eleven he was strong enough to hold a plow and from that age until he was seventeen he did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for the stoves, and all this time attending school.

I am not painting an imaginary and exaggerated picture of toil and hardships for the boy, of fearless "wild West" courage, of impossible feats of daring and of more than human wisdom in the man to excite wonder and admiration. This is too frequently indulged in by biographical writers and to the harm of young readers.

In 1839 Jesse R. Grant said to his son, "Ulysses, you are going to get the appointment." "What appointment?" asked the boy. The father replied, "To West Point. I have applied for it." "But I won't go," replied the son. The father said he thought he would and the General in his Memoirs says, "I thought so too." He really had no objection to going to West Point but his schooling had been limited and a Georgetown boy friend of his had failed there, and Ulysses believed he did not have the ability to pass the examinations and graduate. He could not bear the idea of failing. He did not want to fail in anything he undertook to do. And in addition to his anxiety over the examinations, he says a military life had no charms for him and he had no idea of staying in the Army even if he should graduate.

How apt here the saying "Man proposes, but God disposes." It seems to me that an all-wise Providence has had this country of ours in His special care and so guided the minds and hearts of our people as that in at least two great crises of our existence, when failure threatened, the right man for the hour has been chosen,—Washington, Lincoln, Grant.

His distaste for a military life was so great that he anxiously hoped for the passage of the Bill before Congress in 1839 abolishing the Military Academy, or if it was not abolished, he hoped to be an assistant professor of mathematics in the Academy. He said in London when on his trip around the world, "I have never felt any sort of fondness for war and I have never advocated it except as a means for peace." And again, "War at all times, whether a civil war between sections of a common country or between nations, ought to be avoided if possible with honor."

Young Grant was about to leave for West Point. The usual preparation had to be made,—the purchase of a trunk, the marking of the same with his initials. At the time of his birth he was named Hiram Ulysses Grant. He rebelled against arriving at West Point with the initials "H. U. G." on his trunk, and so having always been called Ulysses, he himself painted on his trunk the initials "U. S. G." adopting the initial "S" for his middle name, making his name Ulysses S. Grant, not Ulysses Simpson Grant as so often erroneously, Mrs. Jones tells me, printed.

In the early stage of his last illness, Bishop Newman of the Methodist Church called to inquire

after his condition. Mrs. Grant ushered him up to the bedroom where she and her children were watching the sleeping sufferer, and then and there at the request of Mrs. Grant, the General was christened Ulysses S. Grant, he having told Mrs. Grant he wished to be christened by that name.

In 1843 after graduation from West Point, young Grant reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, and while there he visited at the home of his West Point room-mate, Frederick T. Dent, about five miles from St. Louis, and there met Dent's sister, Miss Julia Dent. The Dent home aroused great interest in young Grant, and on one of his visits there was an incident which brought out one of his greatest qualities and the one, I believe, more than any one of his many excellent qualities that brought him his great success as a soldier.

He was on horseback and when he reached Gravois Creek, which he had to cross and which was usually so shallow as to be easily forded, indeed as a rule so shallow that the authorities had no bridge over it, he found the banks full and overflowing from very heavy rains. He was out for a call and had no extra clothes. There was a call on the other side of that angry looking stream stronger than his fear of that flood or of the drenching of his spick and span military uniform. So in he rode and finally and luckily reached the other side a bedraggled young army officer. He says in his Memoirs in reference to this ride, "One of my superstitions had always been, when I started to go anywhere or to do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished." I believe that out of



his great modesty, exemplified throughout his entire life, he miscalls this quality supersitition when the impulse was "force of character" to do the thing he starts out to do, the determination to accomplish what he starts out to accomplish. The motto of the Clan Grant is "Stand fast—stand sure." It was force of character that in the Wilderness inspired his famous message—"We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was that force of character that took him to Donelson, into Vicksburg and into Richmond and won for us what he started out to accomplish,—the restoration of the union of the States. It was that force of character, that determination which every boy must have and exercise, as he did in a clean, honorable way, to win success.

But I have digressed and possibly left you anxious about his water soaked suit and his call. His friend Dent loaned him one of his suits, too large and ill fitting, and we can well imagine he cut a sorry figure, but he had started on this side with a fixed purpose and the young lady probably never noticed the ill fitting clothes,—she saw only the man, modest and forceful, and the citadel of her heart was stormed so successfully that Miss Julia Dent surrendered and terms were agreed upon. It was not an "unconditional surrender" so often exacted by him in so many battles won by him in the Rebellion. There was a mutual agreement that on his return from the Mexican War, where he was then going, they would be married.

At Monterey two American regiments in the midst of terrific fighting found their cartridge boxes nearly

empty. They could not turn back even if they would, for the open ground was swept by the enemy's fire and it was death to attempt it. The Commanding Officer wished to get a message back to the Division Commander or to General Taylor that he was nearly out of ammunition, and deeming the return dangerous, he did not like to order anyone to carry the message, so he called for a volunteer. Lieutenant Grant promptly volunteered his services. He examined his saddle to be sure it was tight and firm, headed his horse to the rear, gave him the rein and spur, putting one leg over the horn of his saddle, he flung himself low to one side of the horse and with an arm over the horse's neck, through a shower of musketry bullets, he reached the cartridge wagons, and within an hour the brigade was resupplied with ammunition. General Charles King in his book "The True Ulysses S. Grant" says of him in Mexico, "There was no junior in the entire array who had acquitted himself with higher credit or had rendered more valiant or valuable services than the very modest and mild mannered young quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry." Frank Lee, Major commanding the Fourth Infantry, said he had borne himself with "distinguished gallantry."

Captain Grant left Mexico on leave of absence and Captain Ulysses S. Grant and Miss Julia Dent were married at the Dent Home, August 22, 1848. After a brief honeymoon he was stationed at Sacketts Harbor, New York, and later on the Pacific Coast, and in 1854 resigned from the Army and returned to civil life, going to a farm of eighty acres owned by Mrs. Grant a short distance from St. Louis.

Then began a real struggle for the support of himself, wife and two children. He had no money with which to stock his farm and his appeals to his father for a loan of \$500 for a year at ten per cent fell on deaf ears. He had no house to live in. He built a log house of two stories, cutting the logs, splitting the shingles and doing nearly all the work himself. He seemed to have a sense of humor with it all for he named the home "Hardscrabble" and surely it must have been a hard scrabble.

He says in his Memoirs, "If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale." In a letter to his father he says, "This last year my place was not half tended because I had but one span of horses and one hand, and we had to do all the work of the place. For two years now I have been compelled to neglect my farm to go off and make a few dollars to buy any little necessities, sugar, coffee, etc., and to pay hired men. My expenses for my family have been nothing scarcely for the last two years. Fifty dollars I believe would pay all that I have laid out for their clothing." While at Hardscrabble his family increased to four children.

Farming had not been a success, so in 1858 the farm was sold and the family moved to St. Louis where Captain Grant and a cousin of Mrs. Grant's opened a real estate office. This was not a success, and in 1860 he and his family moved to Galena, Illinois, and he took a clerkship in his father's store, supporting himself and his family on a stipulated salary. Mrs. Jones tells me he supported himself, his wife and four children on \$75 a month.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President March 4, 1861. Then came the secession of the Southern States, the firing on Fort Sumter, and the President's call for 75,000 troops. Very soon thereafter he went to Springfield, Illinois, and offered his services as Colonel of a regiment. He could easily have been Captain of the Galena Company, but he very justly thought that from his army experience he could successfully command a regiment. In the early days of the War there were many with political influence and ambitious for political preferment who wanted to be Colonels. They thought it the popular thing to do, but the louder the cannons roared the less anxious some of them wanted to be Colonels. Captain Grant had no influence and repeatedly in his letters declared he would not ask for any, but would stand or fall on his merits.

Captain Grant was appointed Colonel of the 21st Illinois. When he left Illinois he marched his regiment to Palmyra, Missouri. He says, "My sensations as we approached the what I supposed might be a 'field of battle' were anything but agreeable." But on arriving there he found the Confederate Colonel Harris had gone and Colonel Grant then concluded that Harris was as much afraid of him as he was of Harris, which was a view of the situation he never forgot and from that event to the close of the war he never experienced trepidation in confronting an enemy, though always with more or less anxiety.

General Grant, during his military career, carefully studied the characteristics—mental and moral

—of those in the Army with whom he was thrown. Especially so in Mexico where there were a number he was destined to meet again in the great Civil War—some on the Northern side and some on the Southern. And apparently he had so successfully studied them that he knew just about what each one would do in different military positions. He knew Flood and Pillow at Donelson, and governed his movements accordingly, and when General Buckner surrendered he said to General Grant, “You would not have gotten up to Donelson if I had been in command.” General Grant replied, “If you had been in command I should not have tried it in the way I did.” He knew Pemberton at Vicksburg.

Lieutenant General Grant continued his victorious march “on to Richmond,” confident of his plan of attack, fully advised of the position of the enemy and their movements. On September 5, 1864, in a letter to his father, eight months before Appomattox, he says, “Richmond will fall as Atlanta has done and the Rebellion will be suppressed.” Richmond fell—General Lee surrendered and the Union of the States was restored. All sections of the country hailed Lieutenant General Grant as the one who had put down the Rebellion. Wherever he went it was a triumphal march.

It is difficult to realize that this man, in 1860 a clerk in Galena at \$75 a month, after the struggles, hardships, privations and failure of working an eighty acre farm, building his own log house with his own hands, cutting and hauling wood to the city to raise money for the support of his family of four,

expending on them not to exceed \$50 in two years for clothing, should in 1865 from a Lieutenant in the Mexican War, rise to the heights of General of all the Armies of the North, the Conqueror of the Rebellion.

I shall not discuss in detail the many battles he won, indeed I do not recall one he ever lost. I have not a military mind to do so and it is sufficient for me that President Lincoln said, "I cannot spare this man—he fights."

Young men love to read about heroes, especially a soldier hero. They are fascinated by the recital of deeds of daring. They are thrilled by the march of soldiers as are all of us. I suppose every normal boy is naturally or by example pugnacious. If he reads Plutarch's Lives, and the biographies of all the great soldiers of ancient and modern times,—Alexander the Great, Caesar, Marlborough, Napoleon and all the others, in my judgment the study of Ulysses S. Grant, from boyhood through manhood, is the most instructive lesson, the best example for young men to imitate in his courage, his sense of justice, his purity, his magnanimity, his consideration for others, his modesty, and his absolute truthfulness and accuracy of statement, which I shall attempt to accentuate by historical incidents and by personal information from members of his family.

His courage. Not the reckless, boastful, swash-buckler kind, but that quiet unheralded courage to meet the necessities of the case in the faithful discharge of his duty. In the war with Mexico the American troops were being harassed by Mexican

cannon from the heights of Chapultepec, and Lieutenant Grant volunteered to ascend the steps to quiet their guns and did so. His son Ulysses Junior (we call "Buck") asked his father if that was not courageous. The General replied, "Why a whole lot of soldiers volunteered to climb up with me. Courage is the commonest attribute of man." He was appointed Brevet Captain "for gallant conduct at Chapultepec."

His sense of justice. He was such a modest man about his own deserts and yet so liberal in awards to others merits. When Admiral Farragut died, Mrs. Grant asked her husband whom would he appoint as successor. "Porter," the President replied. "After all the abusive articles Porter has been publishing about you?" "Well, Julia, Porter earned it and I am going to give it to him." The act was nearly the death of Porter who really took to his bed. After that General Grant was to Porter no less than Archangel, so square, right and true.

In correcting an article he had written for the Century Magazine on the conduct of General A. McD. McCook at Shiloh, he said, "I am not willing to do anyone an injustice and if convinced that I have done one, I am always willing to make the fullest admission."

His purity. A friend of General Grant's family and of mine told me that the only external indication of annoyance he ever noticed in him was a nervous opening and shutting of his fingers, an index of emotion often observed by other of his intimate friends. A notable illustration of this was told him by a gentleman who once accompanied him to a large

public dinner given in his honor. At the close one of the guests ventured upon the telling of stories, plain vulgar stories. The General's fingers began to work and he quietly excused himself, and his companion, knowing the significance of the gesture, followed him. The General turned to him and said, "I hope I have not taken you from the table, but I have never permitted such conversation in my presence and I never intend to." This was not an affectation. His mind—clean and wholesome—left its imprint on his face.

He was never profane. Someone said to him, "General, I have never heard you swear," "No, I never do. I don't know how and would have to stop to think of the words." A silent, strong character, earned, deserved and respected as in the following incident, proves more forceful than a long line of profanity. The General and his son Fred were seated on their horses upon a knoll that commanded the field. A Confederate battery was raking the Federal position. The General ordered Logan, who was a gallant soldier and who never ordered his men to go where he would not lead them, to take the battery. Logan, as you may know, could not utter consecutive sentences without interlarding them with oaths and there was plenty of and repeated interlarding on this occasion. Logan came galloping back and said, "General, I have ordered the blankety blank blank men to charge and they won't stir." Colonel Fred Grant said that even at this critical moment a smile passed over his father's face, hearing Logan's grotesque and picturesque profanity, and he said, "General, I will speak to



them." General Grant rode along the line and the men went off with a yell and took the battery.

His magnanimity, but controlled by reason. Appomattox is the greatest instance of this. A man of only forty-three years of age, exercising such wisdom and foresight as is generally supposed only to come to those much older. This had been a war between two sections of the country. President Lincoln and General Grant were both fighting for the restoration of the Union. I do not know of any General—let me put it another way—I fear there were some Generals who, if anyone of them had been in command at Richmond and Appomattox, would have been so lacking in poise, wisdom and foresight that restoration of the real union of the States would have been long deferred.

His modesty. When during the Rebellion the star of General Grant was ascending rapidly and in illuminating brightness, the people began to call for information, and more information about this great soldier. They knew he won battles. They wanted to know something, everything about him of a more personal nature. A friend of his father wrote the General, asking him to furnish the material for his biography. With that same modesty which had marked his entire life, unchanged by his brilliant successes, he wrote the letter on the following page, the original of which is in the possession of Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones tells me that when he sent to his publishers manuscript for what would make about three hundred pages of his Memoirs, the publishers came to him protesting against his lack of the use of the letter "I". They said, "Why General, in the

Head-Quarters Armies of the United States,  
City Point, Va. Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 1864.

Hon. S. N. Morris,

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 23<sup>d</sup> of July was duly received. I hope your Nephew, Mr. Leary, has not nor will not publish my letter a copy of which you furnished him. I never write anything intended for publication.

In the matter of furnish-  
ing material for my own

biography I could not  
think of such a thing.  
It would be egotistical and  
I hope egotism is not to  
be numbered among my  
faults. — I have read  
your sketch in the  
National Intelligencer.

Except flattering it is  
substantially correct.

Yours Truly  
W. S. Grant

first three hundred pages of this book you have not used 'I' fifty times. It is 'we' did this, 'our army' did that, 'it was planned' etc." The General's reply was, "They know I was there." I understand that at the earnest solicitation of the publishers he did make some changes to suit their views.

Another characteristic which made for greatness in General Grant was that all he knew was ready at hand in his subjective mind. He never held a council of war. He knew without cogitation, without consultation, what he had to do with, what the enemy would do. This power of knowledge, this wealth of knowing the facts is best illustrated by an occurrence at his home in 1882.

The General was sitting with many members of his family around him, and reading a newspaper. He had the ability to read rapidly and accurately and remember all he read and yet answer any remark made to him. Mrs. Grant entered the room, remarking that the daughter of Colonel Whistler had called. "Ulyss, how old is she?" Without looking up and without the slightest hesitation General Grant replied, "Forty-nine next Thursday," and continued his reading. "Now, Ulyss, put that paper down and tell me why you say that. I know you have not been thinking of her." To this the General replied, "Well, Julia, we left Sacketts Harbor this month in 1851 and the night before we left we attended her coming out party on her eighteenth birthday. It was St. Patrick's Day. That occurred thirty-one years ago and she will be forty-nine next Thursday."

General Grant was always unconscious of any

merit for doing his duty. He no doubt performed many noble, great, unselfish acts lost to history because he was unconscious of any personal merit in doing right. At a banquet in the City of Mexico a Mr. Lewis got the eye of the toastmaster and his consent to say something, and with great heat said, "General Grant rose to be the greatest man of his time and he never told a lie—the greatest General in all time and he never stole a cent. Those are truths you ought to know." In telling me this, his son Ulysses said to me, "Father was ashamed of Lewis for praising him for not telling a lie and for not being a thief."

General Grant had one fine quality too seldom imitated. It so frequently happens that when a strong, forceful, determined man has developed his plan for some important work and is opposed in his judgment and plan, and his plan succeeds, he makes an opportunity to show to the world how he was right and how the one opposing was wrong. It is a little self glorification which General Grant never had and lack of kindly consideration which General Grant always had. General Grant submitted his Vicksburg plan of campaign to General Sherman, who in reply wrote him a long letter protesting against it as wrong in conception and impossible to execute. General Grant after reading the letter, showing it to no one, put it in a private drawer of his desk and after he captured Vicksburg on his plan General Sherman so severely criticized, he returned the letter to General Sherman without comment, and never did that letter have publicity until published in full by General Sherman in the Public Press.

His domestic life. General Grant had a devoted wife and family to whom he was devoted. He liked above all things to have with him at home and in travel his wife Julia, his daughter Nellie, and his sons, Fred, Ulysses and Jesse. They were the first friends in his heart and in his duty. In the summer of 1864 General Grant was drawing the net closer around Richmond and the army of General Lee. Watching every moment and with great care every movement of the enemy, ordering his various commands here and there to meet the changing situations and to prevent the escape of Lee's Army, with continuous and terrific fighting and anxious for the care of the wounded men of both armies lying exposed and suffering between the lines and communicating with General Lee for some agreed plan to care for the same, this unconquerable and gentle soldier wrote this letter:

Headquarters Armies of the United States.

Co E Harbor Va. June 4<sup>th</sup> 1864

My dear little Nelly,

I received your pretty well written letter more than a week ago. You do not know how happy it made me feel to see how well my little girl not yet nine years old could write. I expect by the end of the year you and F. Buck will be able to speak German and then I will have to buy you those nice gold watches

I promise. I see in the papers,  
and also from Mamas letter,  
that you have been represent-  
ing "the old woman that lived  
in a shoe" at the Fair! I know  
you must have enjoyed it  
very much. You must send  
me one of your photographs  
taken at the Fair.

We have been fighting now  
for thirty days and have  
every prospect of still more  
fighting to do before we get  
into Richmond. When we do  
get there I shall go home  
to see you and Mr. Fred. Bunde



and Jess. I expect Jess rides  
Little Rebel every day. I think  
when I go home I will get a  
little buggy to work Rebel in  
so that you and Jess can  
ride about the country during  
vacation. Tell Ma to let  
Fred learn French as soon as  
she thinks he is able to  
study it. It will be a great  
help to him when he goes  
to West Point. You must  
send this letter to Ma to  
read because I will not write  
to her to-day. Kiss Ma  
Cousin Louisa and all the

young ladies for so. Be a good  
little girl as you have always  
been study your lessons and  
you will be contented and happy.

From

Papa

General Grant was always loyal and devoted to President Lincoln and earnestly in favor of his re-nomination and re-election. His son wrote me, "It is not generally known that General Grant was approached with an offer of candidacy for the Presidency in 1864 and that he refused it in favor of Mr. Lincoln so peremptorily that his family even never heard of it until I saw the proof lately." He did not tell me what the proof is, but in a letter of General Grant's to his father dated February 20, 1864, there is an expression that looks like corroboration of this. The General says, "I am not a candidate for any office. All I want is to be left alone to fight this War out, fight all rebel opposition and restore a happy Union in the shortest possible time. I know that nothing personal to myself could ever induce me to accept a political office."

In response to the demand of his party in 1868 and again in 1872 he was elected President of the United States. He came to the Presidency in turbulent times after the Rebellion and after President Johnson and during the Reconstruction Period. He had had no experience in political life and the clashing and quarrelling over political patronage was distasteful to him. When he began his Presidency, the country was in turmoil, but on the termination of his Presidency his appeal "Let us have peace" was realized. During his incumbency important and necessary measures were put into operation and our foreign affairs adjusted satisfactorily.

On General Grant's return from abroad he entered into a business partnership with his son Ulysses,

and others. He invested every dollar he had in this firm. Through the dishonesty of one of his partners the firm failed and General Grant lost every dollar he had accumulated. A few months before the failure he slipped on the pavement and seriously injured his hip and thereafter was obliged to use a crutch or cane.

He bore his financial and physical suffering without a murmur although his mental anguish must have been great, which no doubt depleted his physical powers of resistance. A friend of mine told me he chanced to be alone with the General in his room one night after this last cruel betrayal of his confidence. The General, walking to and fro by the aid of his crutch, suddenly stopped, and as if following aloud the train of his silent thought, said: "I have made it a rule of my life to believe in a man long after others have given him up. I do not see how I can do so again."

At sixty-two years of age he is obliged to make a new start in life to provide for the support of himself and wife. In 1884 he began to have trouble with his throat and suffered some pain. A specialist was consulted and it was decided that the disease was cancerous in tendency. His suffering was extreme, but always he bore it patiently and without a murmur.

His son Ulysses told me of an incident during his father's illness, intimate, pathetic, heroic, which I think a sympathetic people devoted to the memory of General Grant should know and that again they may realize the nobility of this man. He said, "One night early in his last illness I occupied a

small Dutch bed in his room to give Harrison, who usually attended him, a chance to have a good night's rest. General Grant could command to instant sleep, but then would groan and be restless so that I would have to get up to replace a woollen wrap about his throat. This would arouse him and as soon as the wrap was in place he fell asleep again at once. After several recurrences of like incidents my great dear father said, 'I see "Buck" you are not going to get any sleep so we will talk.' He said, 'The doctors are much interested in my case and are making a study of it. No Grant is afraid to die and we can talk freely about cancer and all my symptoms. My only apprehension is that your mother is unprepared for my death and it will shock her. That and the fact that I leave her so poorly off financially.' "

There—in this one incident is the man I have in this address endeavored to describe to you,—forgetful of self, absorbed in his anxiety for his loving and beloved wife's happiness, courageous, uncomplaining and patient in his suffering, interested in the study of his case by the doctors and assisting them in that study in every way possible in the hope that something definite might result for the relief and cure of other like sufferers. He had already begun the writing of his Memoirs and although his suffering was intense and his physical strength weakening, he grimly hung on to life until the day after he finished his book which he began in order to pay his debts and provide a competency for his loyal life's-partner. In time General Grant lost the use of his voice and was obliged to communicate

with his family and others by pencil notes. Two or three times death seemed imminent and that he would not be spared to finish his book, but with that force of character to do the thing he starts out to do, he rallied and his great work was finished.

In a letter written to his physician on July 2, 1885, with a request not to publish the same until later, he says, "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expression towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure." On July 23, 1885, at Mount McGregor, surrounded by his loving and devoted family, sank to rest Ulysses S. Grant.

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